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26th May 90

THE REAL

№102 45p

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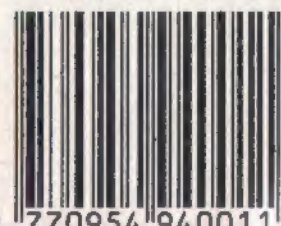
GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

THIS
DOESN'T
USUALLY
HAPPEN!

MAYBE
WE SHOULD CALL
THE GHOST-
GUARD!



ISSN 0954-9404



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21



Are you in for a treat this week! There are just pages and pages of ectoplasmic action for you to relish and by far the best of these is the first frightening frog story, **Amphibian Apocalypse!**

Dr. Bottomless-Pitt (remember him from Issue fourteen) has uncovered **The Golden Frog of Waloo** and inadvertently the almighty frog god has been summoned, and that makes everybody *hopping mad!* So, don't you dare miss next week's issue when this epic tale is concluded.

If you have ever suffered from being splashed at the swimming pool by big bullies then imagine how you would feel if it turned out to be a **Class five, Free-floating Water Demon**. Anyway, that's **Bathing Beastie!** So don't delay, *dive in* straight away!

CONTENTS

Amphibian Apocalypse	3
Spengler's Spirit Guide	9
Bathing Beastie!	10
Ghostbusters' Fact File: Ghouldini	13
Dead True!	14
The Werewolf! – Part Three	15
Blimey! It's Slimer!	21
Next Issue/ Slime Time	23

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MEMBER OF THE AUDIT
BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE

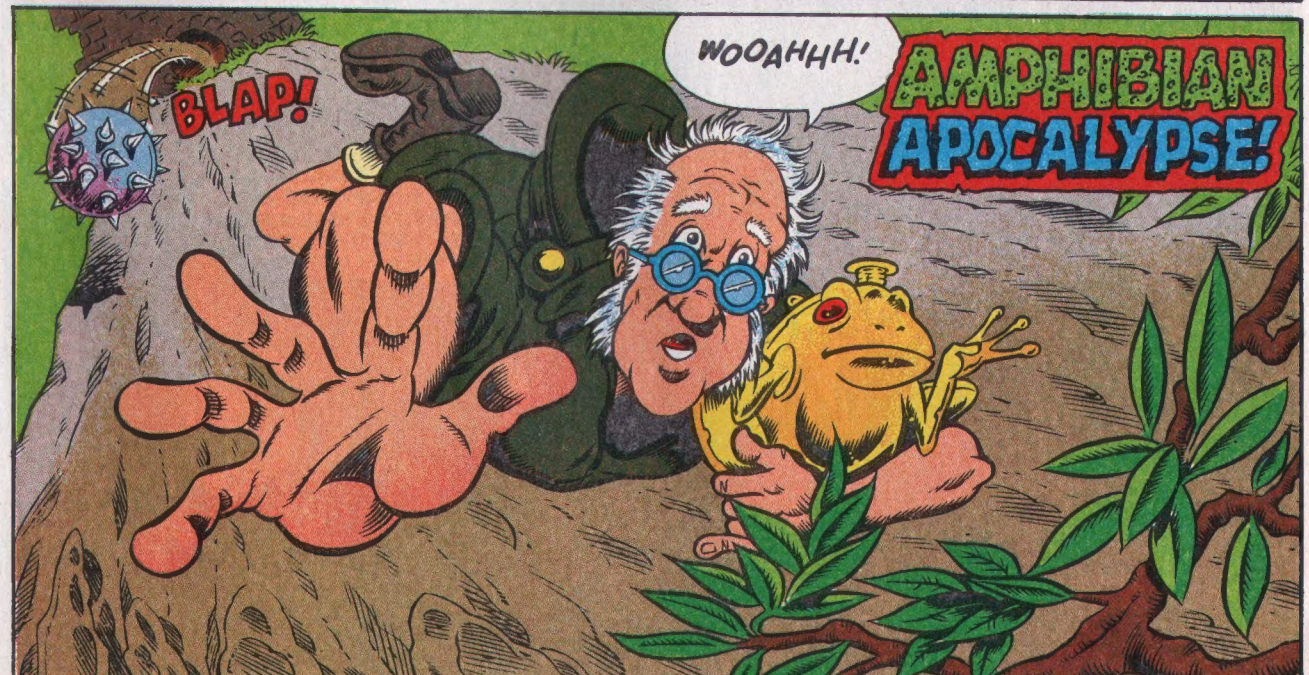
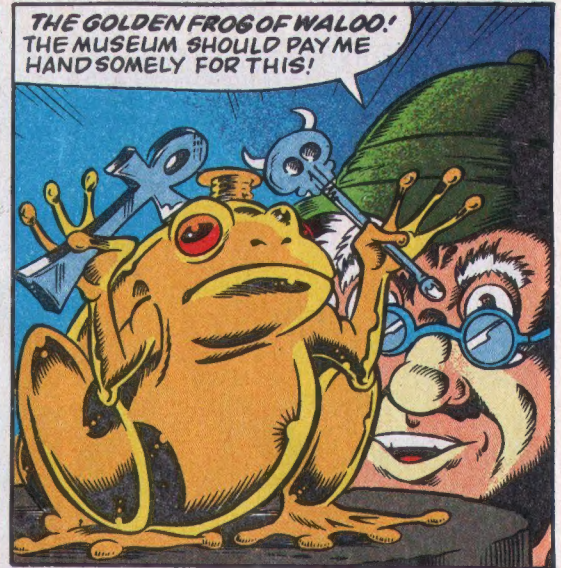


JANINE
MELNITZ



SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





"UURGH! I'M SAFE!"

NOT QUITE, PROFESSOR OR BOTTOMLESS-PITT...

SPLUNCH!

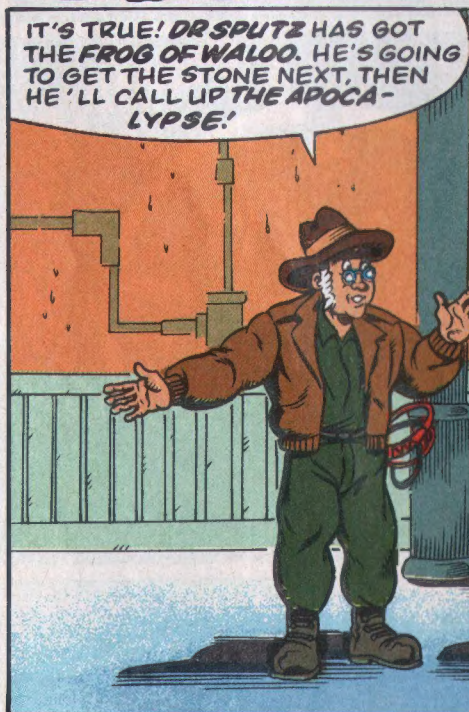


IN FACT, THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING OF YOUR NIGHTMARE, A NIGHTMARE THAT THE WHOLE WORLD WILL SOON SHARE. HA HA HA!

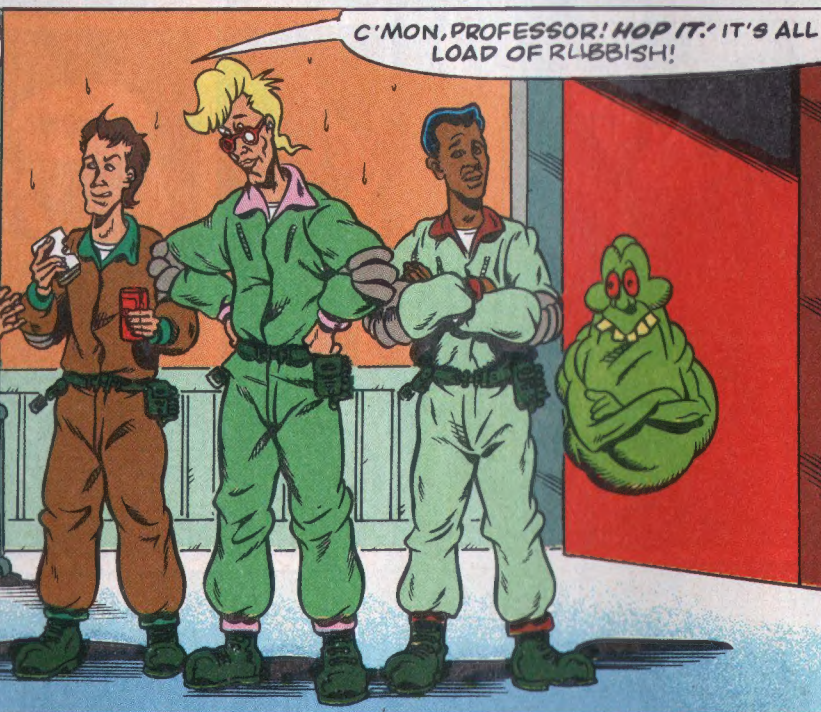


MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE CONCRETE JUNGLE OF NEW YORK...

...YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT STORY. COME ON, WHAT DO YOU TAKE US FOR?



IT'S TRUE! DR SPITZ HAS GOT THE FROG OF WALOO. HE'S GOING TO GET THE STONE NEXT, THEN HE'LL CALL UP THE APOCALYPSE!



C'MON, PROFESSOR! HOP IT! IT'S ALL LOAD OF RUBBISH!



NO, PETER... FROG! THE ANCIENT PERUVIANS USED TO WORSHIP A GOD CALLED CROAKLOWDER, WHO MADE THUNDER FROM HIS GIANT MOUTH. THE FROG OF WALOO REPRESENTS THIS DIETY!



BAD NEWS, EGON. THE STONE OF THUNDER HAS GONE! STOLEN FROM THE MUSEUM WHERE IT WAS ON SHOW!!

IT SAYS HERE, RAY, THAT DR. SPUTZ IS 'AN EXPLORER, EXPERT IN PERUVIAN HISTORY, STAMP COLLECTOR AND LEADER OF A CULT BASED AROUND THE WORSHIP OF FROGS!'

UH-OH! WE'RE IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!



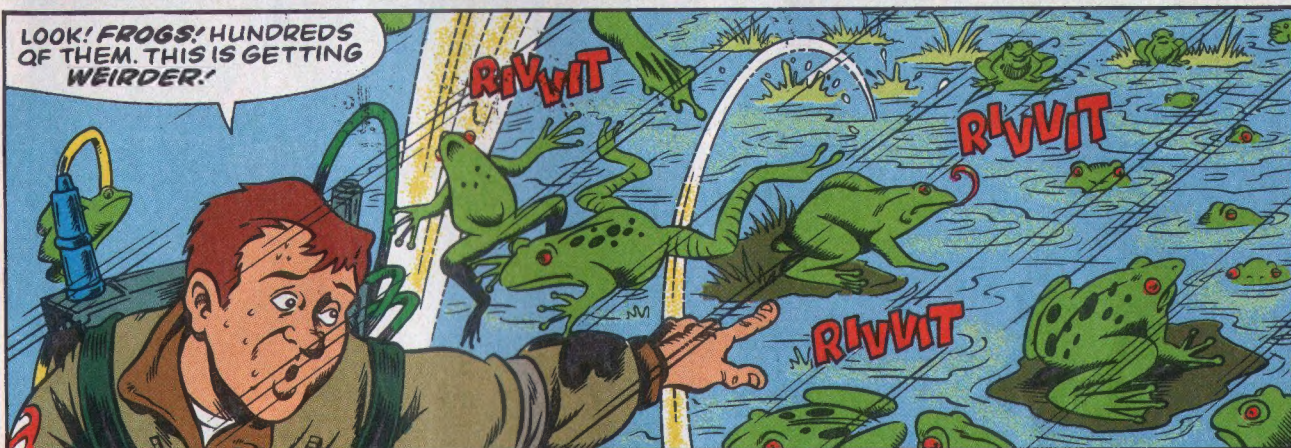
IN CENTRAL PARK...

COME ON, EGON, LET'S GO HOME. THAT NUT COULD BE MILES AWAY BY NOW. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S AROUND HERE?

I'M PICKING UP HIGH LEVELS OF PKE* HE'S GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK!



LOOK! FROGS! HUNDREDS OF THEM. THIS IS GETTING WEIRDER!



IN SPUTZ'S BOOK, 'AMPHIBIAN APOCALYPSE' HE SAYS... 'THE FOLLOWERS OF CROAK-LOWDER WOULD CALL DOWN THE END OF THE WORLD FROM UPON HIGH!'

GOT IT. WHAT'S THE NEAREST THING TO A MOUNTAIN IN NEW YORK? THE HIGHEST PLACE IN THE CITY!!



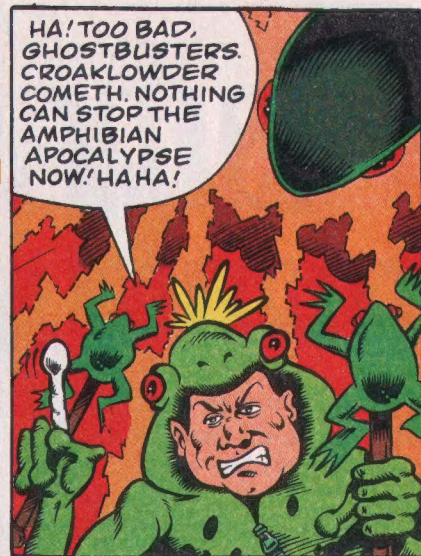
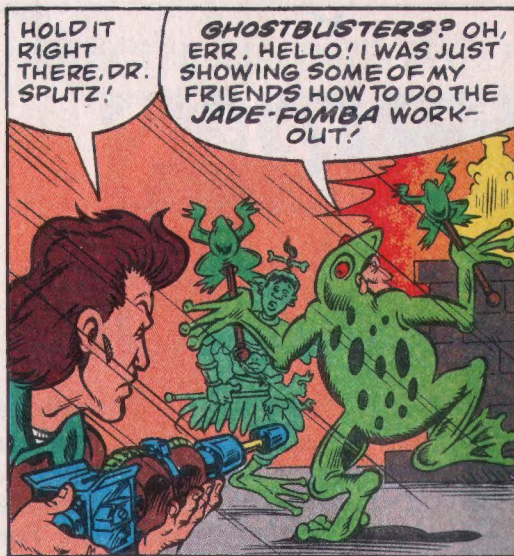
AT THE WORLD TRADE CENTRE...

DO WE REALLY HAVE TO GO UP THERE TO BUST THIS CREEP?

'FRAID SO, WINSTON!







SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

It's that time of year again when the lozzard blossom flourishes on the trees in the dank ravine of distant Grumpup and the frail, sad-faced whiligigs spread their pale wings and flutter off down the sweetshop. Summer brings about strange biological changes in the remote countryside and provokes bizarre behaviour from its wildlife. If I tell you that whirligigs don't eat sweets, you'll see what I mean.

Grumpup, as any student of exotic geography will tell you, is a primitive and relatively unexplored country hidden high in the Dyslexian Mountains, west of the Republic of Bradlett. Only three Europeans have ever set foot there, and two of those were unnecessarily ambitious door-to-door salesmen. The only serious exploration of this ancient and mysterious lost world was Whitney Swan Doilie, a gruff adventurer and man-of-action, who macheted his way through the impenetrable lozzard bushes and discovered the place in 1904.

It is from Doilie's massive book *Grumpup: A Land That Time Embalmed* that the world has learned of the strange land's curious fauna and flora... the whirligigs, the lozzards, the foonting Bratwattchets, the surly and undiplomatic Fibblebisters. It was Doilie too who first



PART 102

suggested that Grumpup, like a few other rare and precious sites on earth, was closer to the spiritual universe than, for instance, Dagenham.

So it is that hidden Grumpup, isolated in the unexpectedly dismal mountains of Dyslexia, is a Supercosmically resonant treasure trove... a new Bermuda Triangle... a second-hand Fungelatamia... a shop-soiled, part-exchange Atlantis that almost fitted at a squeeze, but which you had to take back anyway because it was the wrong colour and clashed with the roller blinds.

Where was I?

Oh yes! The purpose of this week's journey into the surreal world of Grumpy is to tell you about the frog people... The Waloo!

Many ancient civilisations (especially the primitive Peruvians: see Prof. Bottomless-Pitt's *Those Peruvians, They'll Fall For Anything!* Smedly, Vague and Trossack, 1986) worshipped the mythical Waloo frog people and their fearsome god, Croaklowder. But Doilie's explorations have shown that the ectoplasmic Waloo do actually exist, haunting the lozzard groves of Grumpup and swatting passing whirligigs with their prehensile tongues. The Waloo appear to be refugees and outcasts of the Supercosmos who have taken shelter in the inaccessible Grumpupian valley out of the sight of nosy humans, and it is said that they wait there for their master, Croaklowder, to come and lead them back into the Ectoplasmic Void in triumph.

According to the legends of the foonting Bratwattchets, the Waloo were cast out of the Supercosmos following a bit of a mix-up involving Zuul and a demi-john of simmering marzipan about nine billion years ago. However, the Bratwattchets spend so much of their time foonting, that their legends are not a little unreliable.

In conclusion, it seems unlikely that Croaklowder will ever show up, or that the mortal world will ever have any trouble from the Waloo, frog-folk.

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FROM THE IMAGINATION OF JIM HENSON AND DIRECTOR NICOLAS ROEG



the Witches

PG

It's Fun Only They Could Brew Up!

LORIMAR FILM ENTERTAINMENT Presents From JIM HENSON PRODUCTIONS
A NICOLAS ROEG Film ANJELICA HUSTON "THE WITCHES" MAI ZETTERLING
Director of Photography HARVEY HARRISON B.S.C. Music by STANLEY MYERS Executive Producer JIM HENSON Based on the book by ROALD DAHL
Screenplay by ALLAN SCOTT Produced by MARK SHIVAS Directed by NICOLAS ROEG
DOLBY STEREO IN SELECTED CINEMAS
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**IN THE WEST END
AND ACROSS THE COUNTRY FROM FRIDAY MAY 25**

BATHTIME BEASTIE



Story JOHN FREEMAN ⓪ Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD and ROBIN BOUTTELL

Swimming can be fun – unless of course, there's a mischievous ghost involved . . .

Some swimming baths are better than others and New York's Dive-In on East One Hundred was no exception. It was one of those huge modern buildings with equally huge windows. The pool was state of the art, with three diving boards, enormous pot plants and colourful murals on the walls. It was certainly bright and cheerful. It was also haunted.

The trouble started late one evening, when the commuters who'd decided to stop off for a quick swim before travelling home, gave way to the health freaks, the ones who churn up pools doing one hundred lengths in ridiculously short times, while the nervous non-swimmer lurks, miserable, at the three-foot end.

Imagine the surprise of one such nervous swimmer, Elrod P. Eldrod, when he suddenly found himself being splashed by some invisible hands. It's bad enough being splashed when you can't swim – but invisible splashing was far worse.

"Cut that out!" squealed Elrod nervously. He was greeted with a cackling, manic laugh, which sounded rather like someone scraping a knife over a plate, but backwards.

"What's the matter, wimp?" asked a hissing voice. Suddenly, the water Elrod was being splashed with turned to slime – thick, oozy green slime. "Can't stand a little splashing?" added the disembodied voice. Now Elrod may not have been able to swim, but when it came to ghosts, he wasn't a coward. "Get lost, spook," he snarled, "Or I'll call **The Real Ghostbusters!**"

"Go ahead!" squealed the unseen ghost. "Of course, you've got to get out of the pool first!"

With that, Elrod and the other swimmers were enveloped in slime! Elrod struggled for the side of the pool, but the walls were too slippery for him to climb out! The pool lifeguard rushed up to help him, his special pole and safety noose in his hand. Suddenly he was pushed into the pool from behind. Spluttering, the

lifeguard came up for air. "I can't move!" he yelled.

"I know!" said the disembodied voice from the side of the pool. "I love a captive audience." The voice took form above the lifeguard – a skinny, green-skinned rake of a ghost, with bulbous eyes and slightly webbed hands and feet. By now, there was no water left in the pool. It had been completely turned to slime, and the swimmers were well and truly stuck in it. "Now for my demonstration," hissed the ghost. "I know you're going to love it!"

Behind him, the ghost didn't notice a desperate figure grab the safety pole and drop it around one of the heavy pot plant containers. As the ghost giggled and splashed the frantic swimmers with more slime, it didn't see the same slime covered, sticky figure pull himself from the pool and stagger off to the locker rooms. It was Elrod! He raced as quickly as he could for the reception area. "Quick!" he spluttered to the receptionist, dripping slime all over her clean counter. "There's a ghost in the pool!"

The Real Ghostbusters arrived ten minutes later, ECTO-1 being let through the special police cordon that had surrounded the building. Peter Venkman and Egon Spengler leapt from the car, grabbing their Proton Packs and Guns as they did so. Slimer bubbled enthusiastically from the back of the customized vehicle. "Why did we bring him?" snapped Peter, pointing at the friendly ghost. Egon gave his workmate a hard stare and gestured towards a package of bleeping instruments alongside the ghost. "My measurements of Slimer's spacio-temporal status have reached a critical stage requiring regular monitoring," the scientist replied. "I don't trust anyone else to do it – so he stays with me."

"Nyahhyahne nyah!" rasped Slimer at Peter, picking up the package and following the two Ghostbusters into the building.

"This is all so crazy!" stuttered the slime-

covered Elrod as they entered. "W-why would a ghost slime a swimming pool?" "We aim to find out, sir," said Peter. "We're professionals!" He opened the door to the pool and was knocked off his feet by a torrent of slime. As he spluttered and struggled to get up, helped by Egon, Slimer stuck his finger into the gooey mess.

"Hoo – goodeequalystuff!" The ghost was obviously impressed.

"It's always me," moaned Peter, flicking slime off himself. "Why is it always me?" "Maybeeghostee likes you as much as I do?" Slimer suggested.

Peter pulled up his Proton Gun and pointed it at Slimer. "Why you –"

"Peter, we don't have time for friendly chatter," said Egon, checking his PKE Meter. "The build-up of Psycho-kinetic Energy here is reaching a very dangerous level."

"Feels goodeeee to me!" squealed Slimer, a sure sign that it wasn't. The two Ghostbusters carefully looked around the edge of the door frame. In the pool area, the ghost was standing on a diving board, talking to the trapped swimmers. "This is a little move I picked up in '34," it hissed. "I call it the swallow dive triple-double somersault special!" With that, it bounced off the board, twisted in the air like a piece of paper in the wind and splashed, loudly, into the slime beneath it.

Spluttering, it came up for air, spraying the unhappy swimmers with more slime. "I haven't perfected it yet," it giggled, "but I will – then no-one will mock me ever again!"

"Uh-oh," said Peter, "that sounds like a typical revenge motive ghost to me – a bad diver, scorned in life! With an unpopular line in slime, I might add." He switched on his Proton Gun and aimed at the ghost. "Let's get this over with..."

"No, Peter!" shouted Egon. "There's too much slime in there. If you fire into that sludge you could cause a dimensional rift!"

"Which means?"

"A monumental incursion of extra-dimensional energies."

"Which means?" insisted Peter, still

confused by Egon.

"More slime in New York than you could possibly imagine. This could take longer than we thought." As if to emphasize the danger, the instrument package Slimer was carrying went berserk.

"Hmm," said Peter. "We need a diversion and I have an idea that might just work." Five minutes later, the swimming pool ghost didn't know what to make of it. A new ghost had appeared and stood proudly on the diving board. "Noweedooe the Slimery special triple loop with chocolateeleairy bits!" buzzed Slimer, diving into the pool.

The slime didn't even so much as splash. A perfect entry. "The winner!" shouted Egon from the side of the pool (having hidden his Proton Gun and Pack). "No!" shouted the swimming pool ghost. "I'm better than that... thing!"

"I'm sorry sir, but you know you should not argue with a judge's decision. I'm going to have to ask you to leave the poolside."

"Waagh!" It's not fair!" moaned the ghost, shuffling out of the pool area. There was a sudden burst of energy from outside, then a few seconds later, Peter poked his head around the door, a smoking Ghost Trap in his hand.

"It worked!" said Egon. "Slimer's diving skills embarrassed the ghost so much we got him away from the pool of slime!"

"I knew it would," said Peter. "When you've dealt with as much slime as I have." "But how did you know Slimer could dive into that stuff so well?" asked Egon as the slime covered swimmers pulled themselves from the pool.


"Well, don't tell Slimer I said this," whispered Peter, "but when it comes to anything to do with slime, I consider him a real expert!"



GHOULDINI

When the Ghostbusters were called out to bust the ghost of infamous escapologist, Gouldini, they got more than they bargained for. During his normal life, Gouldini was a world-famous performer renowned for his unique underwater escapes. This was in itself an amazing feat, as the flamboyant escapologist had a psychotic fear of water and extreme claustrophobia (an affliction that had led him to his strange profession in the first place). As misfortune would have it, he was a little over-zealous in his final performance, and attempted to escape from a deep sea locker, in full view of the public for the very first time. The first and last time! He failed to free himself and remained entombed in his watery grave for all eternity. Unfortunately, his restless soul was driven completely mad by the realization of both his neuroses at once. Saved only by being busted by the Ghostbusters, he then set about inflicting a similar mental condition on them by not being able to escape from the Ecto-containment Unit.





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?

In 1967, a friend from America visited the Jameson family, and while having a meal with them one night, he heard an odd sound that he could only liken to the noise a barrel would make if it were rolled downstairs. As no one in the family commented on the noise, he thought it best not to mention it, although he noticed that Mrs. Jameson and the two daughters exchanged anxious glances before resuming their everyday chatter.

Later on, the guest decided to ask Mr. Jameson about the incident. His host looked grim, and proceeded to tell the most amazing story the visitor had ever heard...

More than three centuries

ago, the Jameson family's ancestors lived in London. During the terrible plague of the Black Death, a loud noise on the stairs woke the whole family and when the father went to investigate, he found an injured burglar lying at the bottom of the stairs.

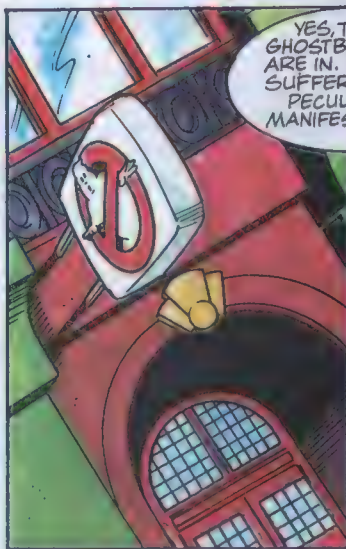
Despite the fact that the man had been attempting to burgle his house, Jameson took pity on the intruder and tried to make him comfortable. However, the villain repaid his kindness by stabbing Jameson. Mrs. Jameson grabbed an axe, followed her husband down the stairs, and when she witnessed the stabbing, she swung the axe at the intruder, killing him with a single blow. Yukk!

After seeing to her husband's wounds, the wife tried to dispose of the dead

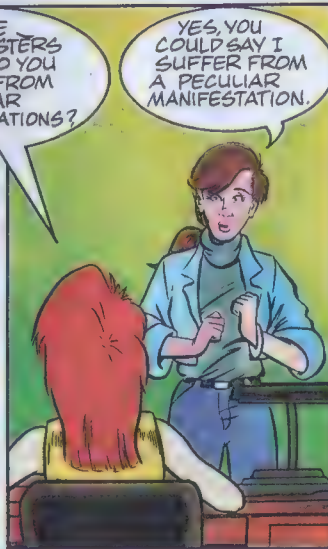
body. She decided to put it into an empty barrel that was in the loft. The barrel was rolled downstairs, and the body placed inside it. The next day, the barrel was placed on the cart that came to pick up victims of the Black Death. That seemed to be an end to the incident. However, afterwards, whenever a member of the Jameson family was near death the sound of a barrel being thrown downstairs could be heard. The family moved from the house, but the grim legacy still haunted them. The visitor was still sceptical – however, the next day he realized why the family had looked so afraid when they had heard the noise. His host, Mr. Jameson, suffered a near-fatal heart attack that put him in hospital for many weeks.

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

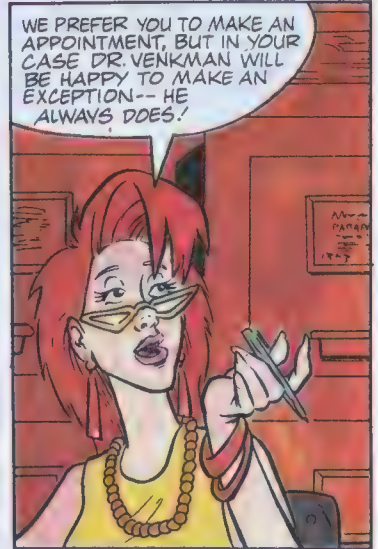
Part Three: First there was a werewolf. Then there was a mummy. Then The Real Ghostbusters arrive. What on earth could come next?



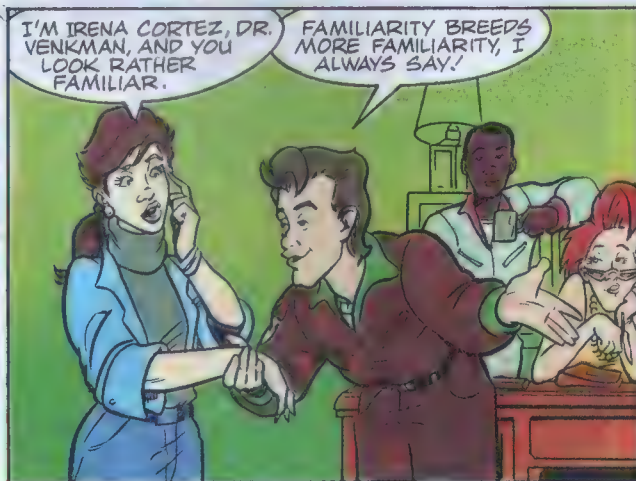
YES, THE GHOSTBUSTERS ARE IN. DO YOU SUFFER FROM PECULIAR MANIFESTATIONS?



YES, YOU COULD SAY I SUFFER FROM A PECULIAR MANIFESTATION.



WE PREFER YOU TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT, BUT IN YOUR CASE DR. VENKMAN WILL BE HAPPY TO MAKE AN EXCEPTION-- HE ALWAYS DOES.



I'M IRENA CORTEZ, DR. VENKMAN, AND YOU LOOK RATHER FAMILIAR.

FAMILIARITY BREEDS MORE FAMILIARITY, I ALWAYS SAY!

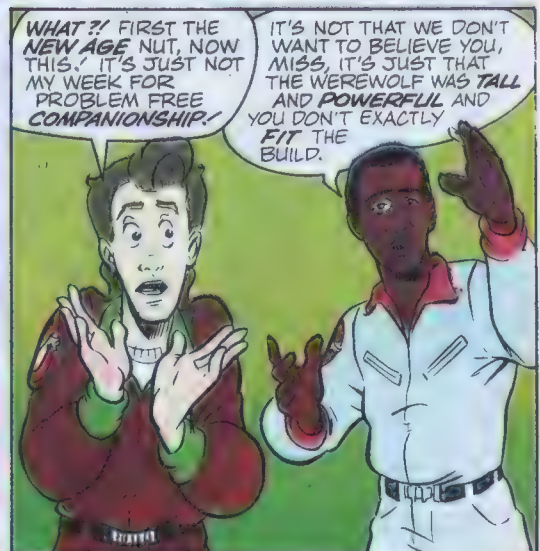


SO TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM, IRENA. I FORSEE MYSELF DEVOTING A GREAT DEAL OF TIME TO YOUR CASE.



LIKE OUR MOTTO SAYS: "WERE READY TO BELIEVE YOU."

I'M THE WEREWOLF YOU FOUGHT LAST NIGHT.



WHAT?! FIRST THE NEW AGE NUT, NOW THIS. IT'S JUST NOT MY WEEK FOR PROBLEM FREE COMPANIONSHIP.

IT'S NOT THAT WE DON'T WANT TO BELIEVE YOU, MISS. IT'S JUST THAT THE WEREWOLF WAS TALL AND POWERFUL AND YOU DON'T EXACTLY FIT THE BUILD.







"I GREW UP OUT WEST, IN ARIZONA, NEAR EL CENTRO, IN THE DESERT, BUT CLOSE TO THE MOUNTAINS. IT WAS IDYLIC. MY EARLIEST MEMORIES ARE OF RUNNING UNDER THE FULL MOON WITH MY PARENTS. IT WAS OUR SECRET, AND OUR JOY.

"BUT WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN WE WERE AMBUSHED ONE NIGHT BY HUNTERS. THAT STUFF ABOUT NEEDING SILVER BULLETS TO KILL A WEREWOLF? IT ISN'T TRUE, I WISH IT WERE. I ESCAPED, BUT THE HUNTERS WERE ARRESTED THE NEXT DAY WHEN THE POLICE SAW THE TROPHY TIED TO THE FENDER OF THEIR TRUCK.

"I LEFT ARIZONA THEN--TOO MANY MEMORIES--AND CAME TO NEW YORK. I WANTED TO STOP THE CHANGE. I FOUND A DOCTOR WHO HELPED ME TO REPRESS THE CHANGE WITH HYPNOSIS. IT WORKED, UNTIL RECENTLY. I WAS MUGGED IN CENTRAL PARK ONE NIGHT. IN SELF-DEFENSE MY FEAR REFLEX TRIGGERED THE CHANGE.

"THE MUGGER WAS REAL SURPRISED."



"THE NEXT MORNING A MAN HELPED ME BACK TO MY APARTMENT AFTER LENDING ME HIS COAT. IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THAT WHEN I WAS KIDNAPED BY THREE MEN IN BLACK AND FORCED TO STEAL FOR THEM IN MY OTHER FORM."



THIS IS VERY DISTURBING, BUT ALSO VERY REVEALING AND TIES IN WITH SOME OF MY OWN THEORIES ON LYCANTHROPY.

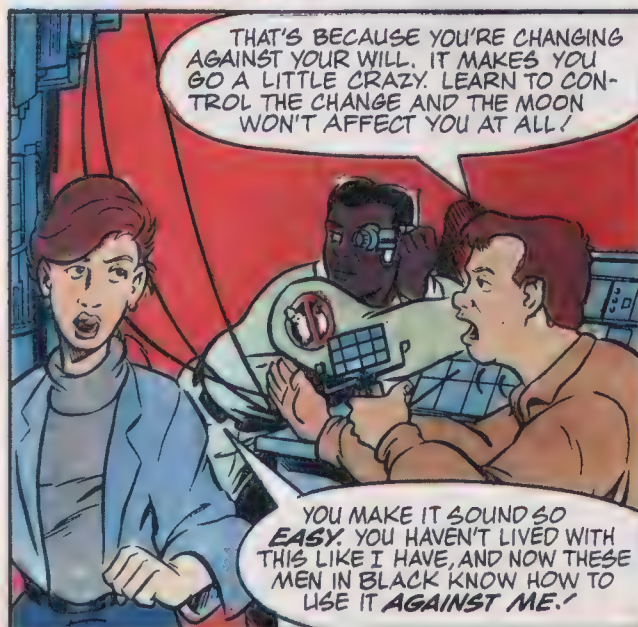
YOU MEAN SHE HAS A DISEASE?

NO, THAT JUST MEANS ASSUMPTION OF THE FORM AND TRAITS OF A WOLF BY WITCHCRAFT OR MAGIC.



BUT THIS ISN'T *MAGICAL*, IT'S *PHYSICAL*. THE FULL MOON IS JUST A *PSYCHOLOGICAL TRIGGER*. IRENA, YOU COULD CHANGE ANY TIME YOU WANT TO--OR NOT CHANGE.

BUT WHEN I *CHANGE* I'M LIKE ANOTHER PERSON.



THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE CHANGING AGAINST YOUR WILL. IT MAKES YOU GO A LITTLE CRAZY. LEARN TO CONTROL THE CHANGE AND THE MOON WON'T AFFECT YOU AT ALL!

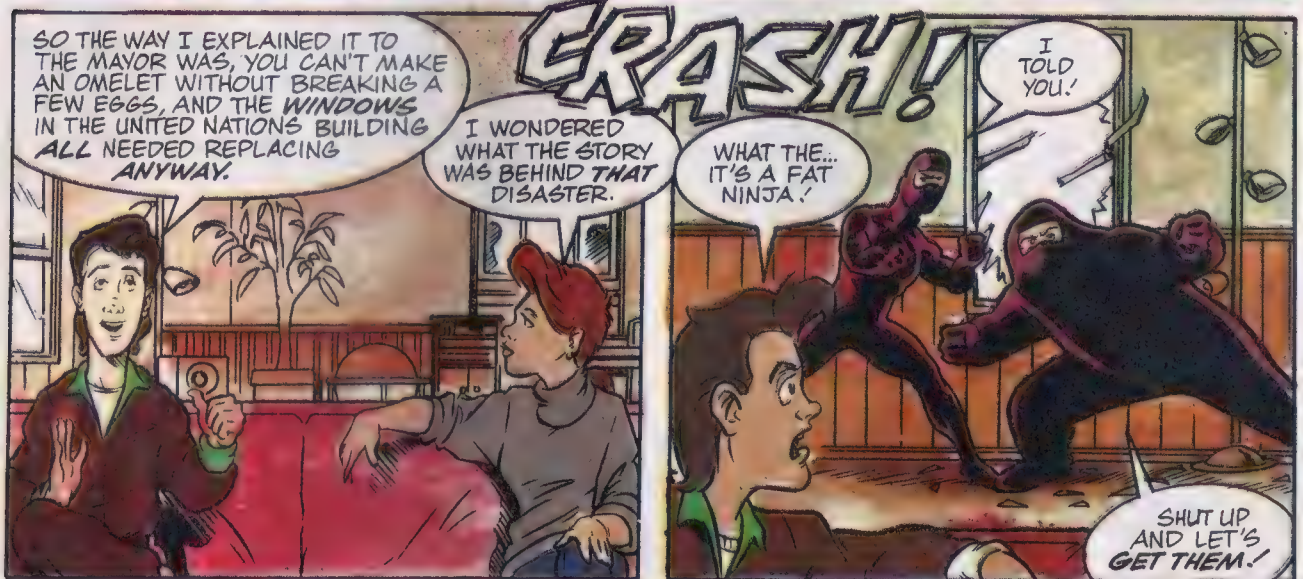
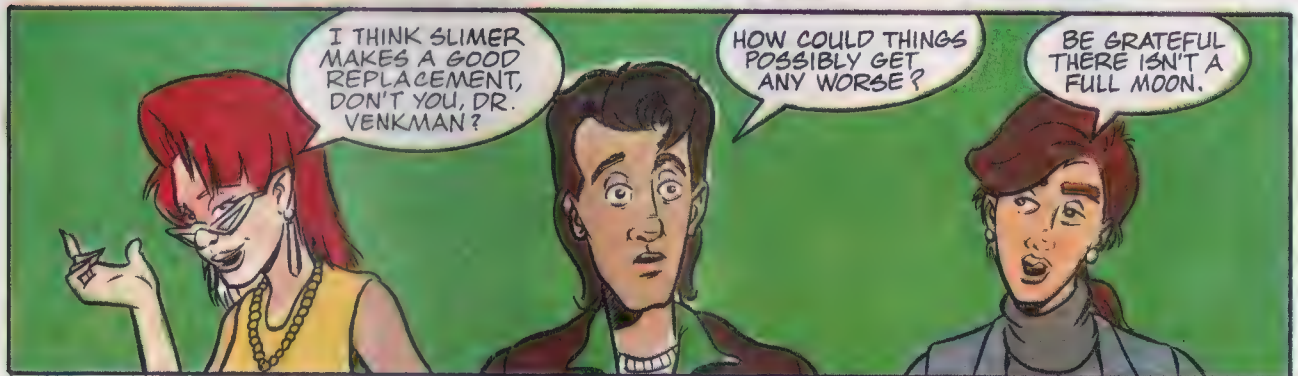
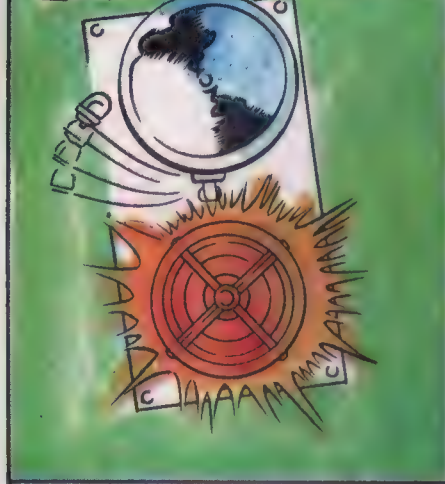
YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO *EASY*. YOU HAVEN'T LIVED WITH THIS LIKE I HAVE, AND NOW THESE MEN IN BLACK KNOW HOW TO USE IT *AGAINST ME*!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM. IT'S THREE WEEKS UNTIL THE FULL MOON. THEY WON'T TRY FOR YOU UNTIL IT'S GETTING CLOSE. BESIDES, YOU SHOULD STAY HERE UNTIL THIS IS OVER.

STAY HERE, WITH US, AND ME?

RING-RING-RING



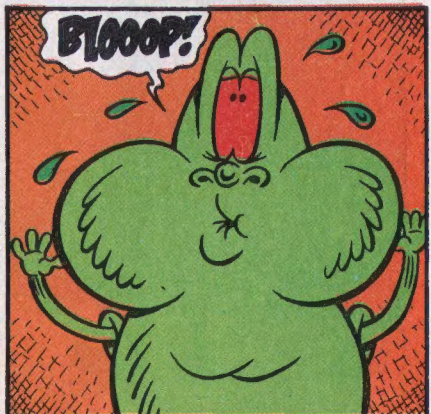
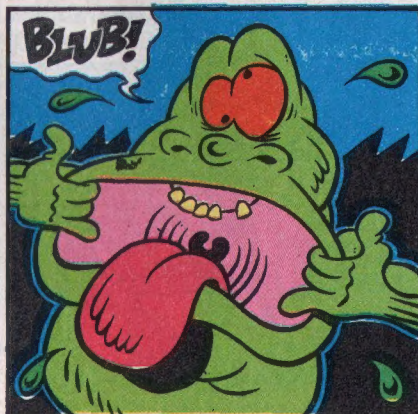
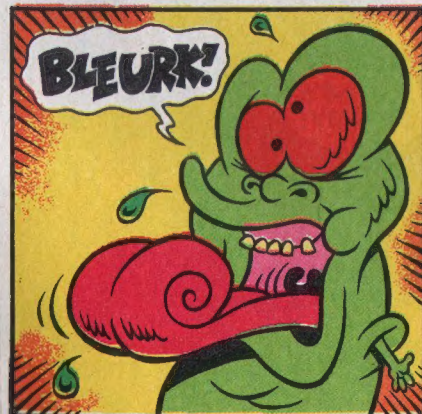
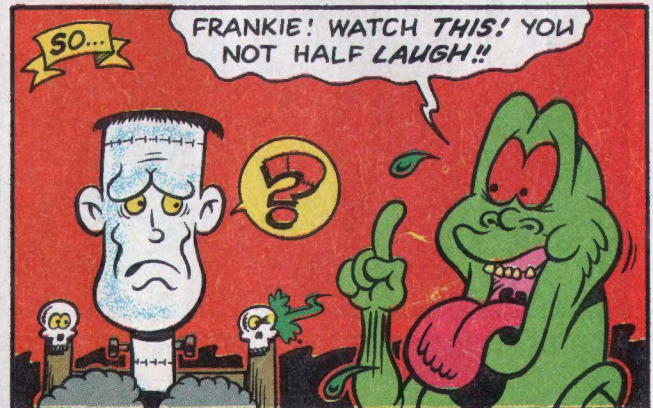
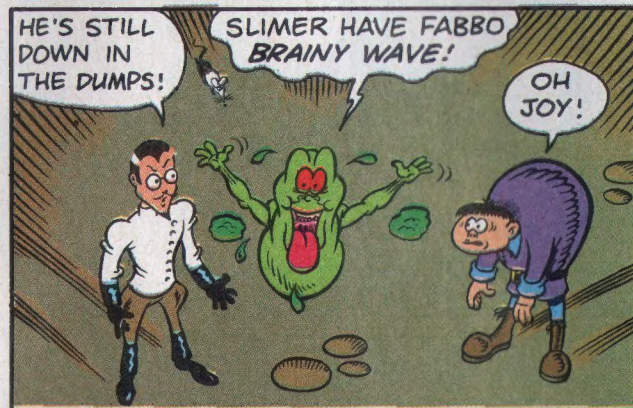
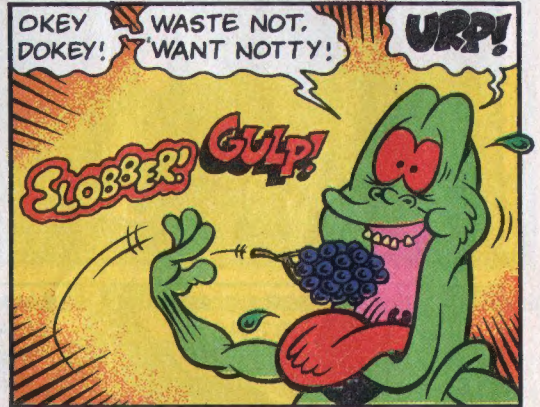
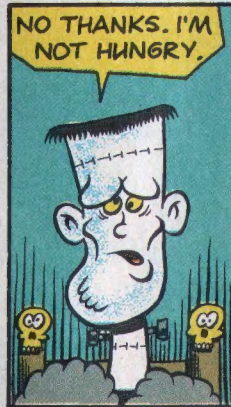
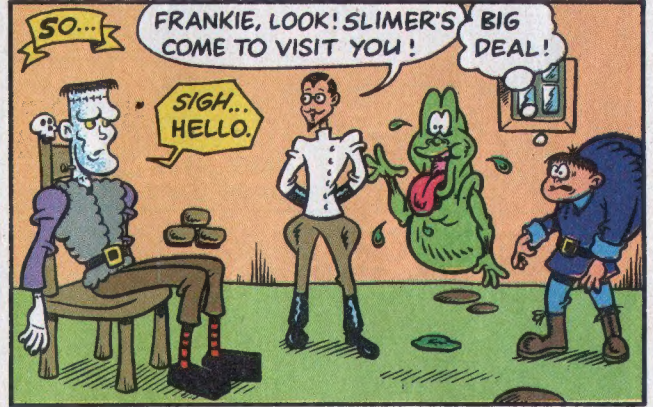
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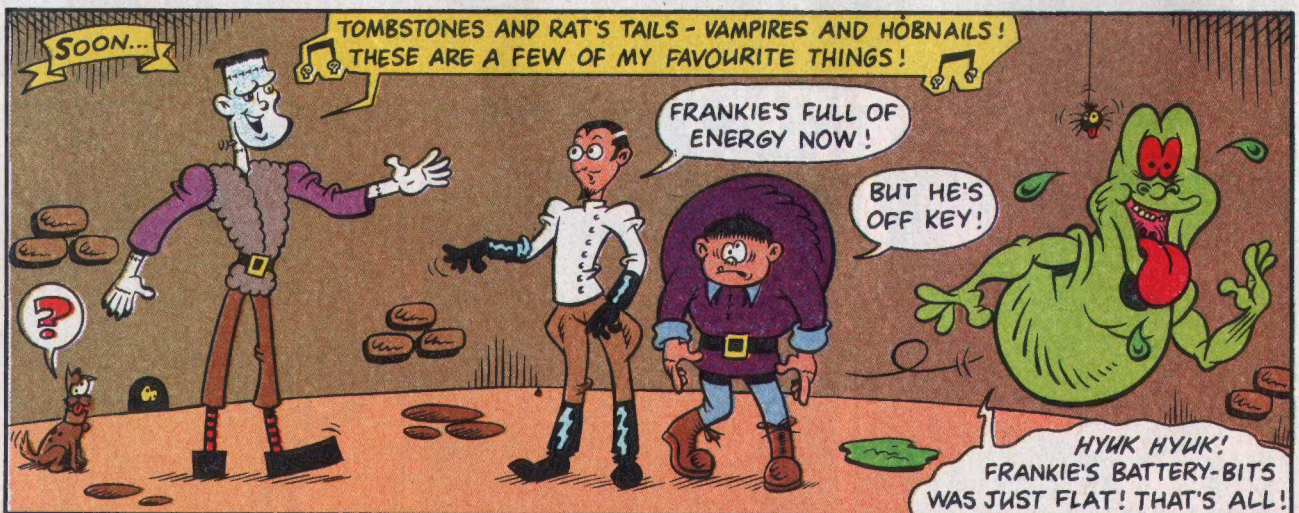
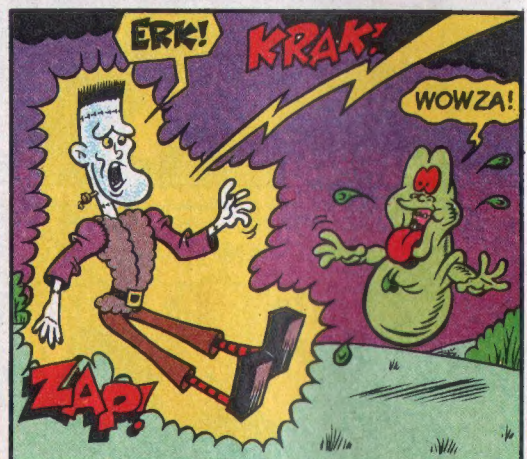
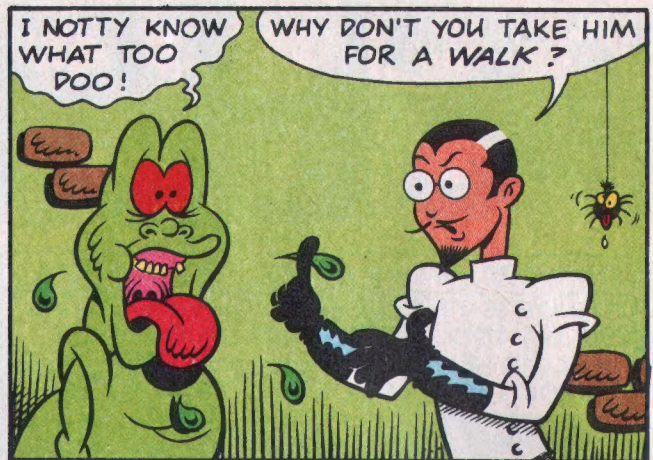
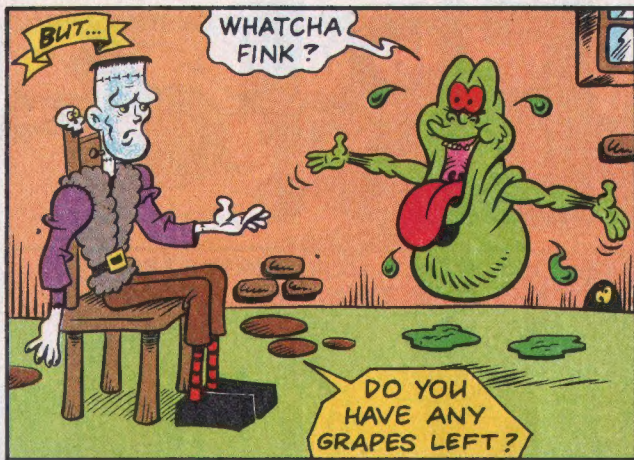
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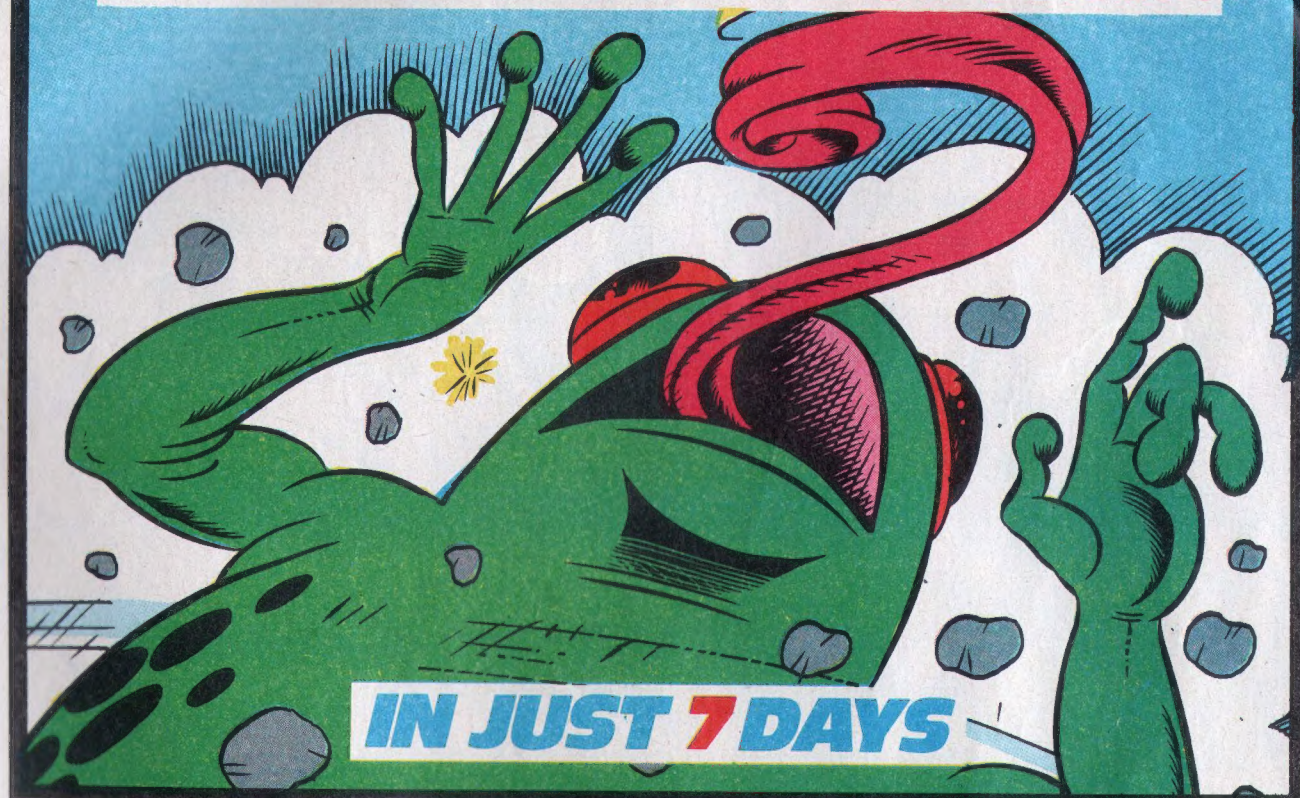
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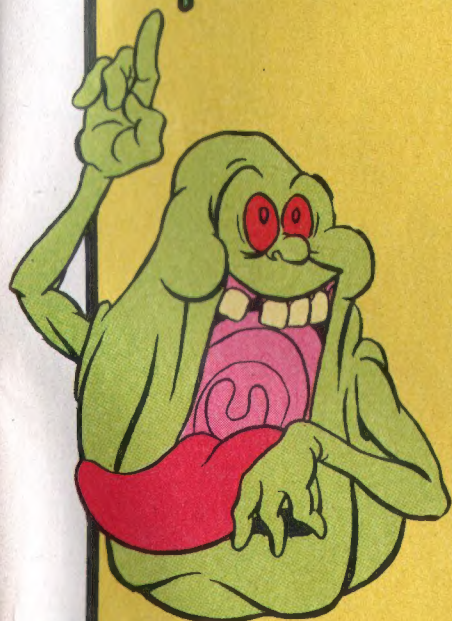


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customers?

Who's necks!

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